The Evening World.

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DRAWING TOGETHER.

By act of Parliament and assent of the King the Irish Free State is legally and finally established.

Of happy omen is the coincident agreement between the Ulster Government and the Government of Southern Ireland to co-operate for peace.

As Arthur Griffith said:

> "The document we Irishmen on both sides signed last night will, if carried out in the spirit of the signatories, give us later a unified Ireland. Every honest and sensible Irishman, whatever his creed, desires such an Ireland."

When will Eamon De Valera come down to earth and prove himself an honest and sensible Irishman?

When will he see that the freedom and peace in Ireland's grasp are worth more than all the visions that tempt his soul?

When will he realize that if he goes on trying to bedevil Irish hearts with old frenzies and old formulas he is committing a monstrous crime against the country he professes to love?

The agreement between Northern and Southern Ireland is an instinctive coming together to protect the new hopes of Ireland against forces that make for disruption.

The most dangerous of those forces is De Valera.

When will he value his own fanatical projects at less than Ireland's future?

In trying to show a beatific state of harmony between President Harding and Congress, Republican House Leader Mondell painfully overpainted the picture. By protesting too much and putting the color on too thick he only accentuated the rough spots he sought to conceal.

A DEAL IN ANCIENT FERRYBOATS.

UNDER proper circumstances it is pleasant to record and approve youthful veneration for age and faithful service. But this high regard is inappropriate when it involves the spending of $350,000 of money raised by taxation to buy nine of the venerable red sidewheelers owned by the Union Ferry Company.

This is what the comparatively youthful Grover Whalen proposes to do. Then he plans to spend $200,000 more to repair these ancient relics.

They need repairs.

Some of these boats were ploughing the East River when Grover was in knee breeches. Henry Ward Beecher used to patronize them. They may be valuable as curios but are they worth $60,000 each as ferries?

If Mr. Whalen can demonstrate their value, we suggest that Chairman Lasker ought to draft Mr. Whalen's services to sell the idle Shipping Board vessels.

It will be recalled that about a year ago Mr. Lasker proposed to sell off more than 200 Shipping Board vessels at $2,100 each. The contrast in the two proposals is striking.

But there is also a similarity: Mr. Lasker's deal was stopped by timely publicity. Mr. Whalen's ought to meet the same fate.

We wonder how much of the Union Ferry stock is held by faithful henchmen of Tammany?

Two detectives enforcing the dry law were disagreeably surprised to discover that their arrests were futile because the expensive "highball" evidence they had collected tested less than one-half of 1 per cent. kick.

They will find many sympathizers who have hankered to arrest waiters because the evidence didn't test more than the legal allowance.

ALSO THEY OUTGROW IT.

A SELF-CONFESSED "flapper" speaks for herself and her kind in a letter printed in another column.

The letter will cause anything but sighs from readers. It is interesting and presents a point of view that may have been overlooked by many of the flapper critics.

The current garb of the flapper is undeniably more sensible than some of the recent styles. Low-heeled shoes, simple hat, tweed coats and suits, sensible stockings, sweater, and even the galoshes are economical, durable and becoming.

"If we didn't stick up for ourselves we wouldn't be flappers," she says. Isn't there just a possibility this factor of flapperism is more important in the eyes of the critics than the dress the flapper happens to be wearing this season?

The flapper is always young but she "sticks up for herself" with all the assurance of age and inexperience. When this characteristic became too fully developed in an individual of a decade ago he was likely to be dubbed a "weisenheimer." Probably Flapperanto has a newer descriptive phrase, but the trait did not make for popularity.

Another trait admired by flapperdom is "being a good fellow." It is an admirable trait, but why should so many of the flappers devote all the good fellowship to "cake-eaters" and such? A little more good fellowship for father and mother would help a lot in stopping criticism.

TWO JOBS; THREE WAGES.

THE public pays the wages of coal miners. The owners pass the bills along. They admit it.

It is also admitted that coal miners are fortunate to collect pay for 200 working days a year. Such comparative regularity of employment is the exception, not the rule.

This means the public pays weekly wage incomes to three men. Two work. The other loafs.

The three incomes are not living-wage incomes, according to American standards. But if two men could work regularly and eliminate the loafing member of the trio, it would be possible to pay two living-wage incomes and leave a surplus to be credited to the paying public.

Either the present condition is inevitable or else the public is paying for faulty and inefficient management of the business.

A month ago when The Evening World explained the situation, F. W. Saward, editor of a coal trade journal and a recognized spokesman for the operators, replied. He endeavored to make it appear that the bad conditions in the labor market are unavoidable.

> "As you say, there is not enough work to keep all the miners busy all the time, but, as many miners do not want to work all the time, how is the situation to be remedied? It might be possible for some operating companies to guarantee steady employment, but who can guarantee that the miners would work all the time?"

Coal operators are the last persons on earth who can reasonably complain against the irregular habits of their employees. They scoured Europe for the lowest type of labor available. They hoped that ignorance and racial animosities would prevent unionization. They have not tried to recruit desirable and steady workers. A bonus or first chance at the work available would soon select the more industrious and reliable miners.

The operators have the kind of workers they wanted. As labor managers for the paying public they have shown themselves to be inefficient. Otherwise they would not be collecting from the public three wage-incomes to pass on for the work of two men.

The New York Herald gloats over the possibility that imported coal may help to break the coal strike.

Maybe Mr. Fordney can show us how this fits in with the Grand Old Principle of Protection.

CLOSE BILLIARD COMPETITION.

THE billiard fans are not completely satisfied with the result of the challenge match Hoppe and Schaefer played in Chicago the first of the week.

The 1,500 points played didn't settle which was the better player. Schaefer won the match by the small margin of thirty-two points. But he had the first play, and so had an extra inning at the table. Hoppe's average run was higher than Schaefer's, so it is easy for the Hoppe supporters to say that if he had won the toss for first play he would have been the victor, implying that the match turned on luck rather than skill.

The results were not entirely conclusive. The match only served to emphasize that the United States now has two billiard players of real champion calibre, with the probability that the match between Schaefer and Welker Cochran this month will make it three of a kind. Keen competition in the next tournament is assured.

ACHES AND PAINS

A Disjointed Column by John Keetz.

Horrors grow with improvements. The Indiana Senatorial campaign is to be conducted by radio. The dulcet pleas of the candidates will load the air and twitter into Hoosier ears by wireless. Soon the only escape will be to dig a hole, crawl in and pull the hole in after one.

* * *

The B. R. T. conductor gently spurned five pennies offered him by a venerable passenger.

"You'll get nothing else," said the V. P. firmly. "They're legal money of the United States."

"I know it,' said the conductor as he gingerly took the coppers. "But we have to laugh when we hand 'em out in change."

* * *

This anecdote reminds us that between the B. R. T. coin boxes and Frank Hedley's turnstiles there must be a big strain on the nickel market.

* * *

What with so much careless shooting going on, Belfast is much like a border town of the old cowboy days.

* * *

The editor of Our World is responsible for an innovation. Following each article is a little box listing the volumes written by the author and the name of his publisher. Does the contributor have to pay cash for it, or is the cost taken out in work?

* * *

Now, if tunnels could only be glass lined, so we could see the river scenery as we tore through and admire the shad as they go upstream, it would be as pleasant as riding on a bridge.

Nothing Doing!

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By John Cassel

From Evening World Readers

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in few words. Take time to be brief.

Maybe Malt Is Scarce.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My favorite quick lunch consists of two raw eggs beaten up in a glass of malted milk. During the early winter when eggs were selling at 10 cents each it did not seem unreasonable to pay 35 cents for it. But now, with eggs at 25 to 30 cents a dozen, it is nothing short of robbery to maintain the old price.

This is not a Fifth Avenue price but what is charged in a chain of cheap candy stores. Is this not profiteering of the rankest sort?

K. B.

Prohibition and Crime.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I firmly believe that Prohibition is responsible for 80 per cent. of the crime committed in the United States. You read every day that intoxicated persons operating automobiles run down and kill pedestrians on the sidewalk, or run into other automobiles on the street, killing the occupants. You can read about drunken husbands coming home and killing their wives or children. You also read about drunken men fighting with one another.

People got intoxicated before we ever thought of Prohibition, but on good whiskey and not so often. It only takes one drink of whiskey these days to get drunk, but not so much drunk as crazy. E. S.

Brooklyn, March 29, 1922.

A Flapper Flaps.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Heave a sigh and say, "Another letter to read from a flapper," but if we didn't stick up for ourselves we wouldn't be flappers. I am a pupil in one of the high schools in this city and guess I'm a hopeless flapper—bobbed hair, earrings, sandals, &c., but I feel a whole lot more comfortable with this rig than I did last year when I wore more expensive clothes than I do now, and my clothes last lots longer than they ever have before.

I wonder if any of the people who are the loyal citizens of this country and want to rid it of the dangerous flapper have ever noticed the changes in the young girls. Perhaps they remember a year ago when the girl appeared dressed for business or school in clothing unsuitable for office or school wear. She wore high heeled shoes and silk stockings last year (if she wears high heels now she's no flapper no matter what the rest of her apparel may be). Well, take a look at her to-day. They have sensible heels. If the weather is cold she wears woollen hose. In rainy weather she wears those conspicuous galoshes. She most likely wears a Bromley, sweater or suit with clean collars and cuffs. I suppose that outfit is impractical. Her topcoat is cut on simple lines and the weather won't hurt it. The coat she wore last year, why, the weather just ruined it.

But she's bobbed her hair! You in the mean time may have changed the style of combing yours, perhaps an attempt to raise a mustache decorates your upper lip; but is your soul changed? Suppose you were good to your mother, wife or children, I suppose the changing of your haircomb has turned you against them. But you think because a girl has changed her style she's changed completely. If she was sweet and polite and always willing to help a fellow along, I guess she can do it now; but if she was fond of having a man spend money on her, she hasn't changed. She will still let you spend, no matter how she dresses.

A true flapper knows what it means to be broke and she's willing to have mercy on your pocketbook, and generally does. She will think a whole lot more of you if you tell her point blank that you are A. B. (absolutely broke). Then she'll probably wear out the soles of your shoes by taking you for a brisk walk.

I don't suppose I've written anything that can be published; but I had to have my say, and if I've taken up too much of your precious time forgive a poor flapper once. M. E. B.

Shaken by the Tornado.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read in The Evening World that Dr. Morris complains New York City right now is in hell. If this "Texas Tornado" had the power to do away with theatres and prohibit dancing, I suppose that he would do so.

Have human beings no right to enjoy life by going to amusements?

If we had more people like this "Texas Tornado" in New York City, it certainly would be hell. M. G.

New York, March 29, 1922.

Why Not Sing in Church?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Last Sunday morning I attended church in company with two girl friends. During the singing of the hymns I noticed that my friends sang in a dimdent, half-hearted manner. In fact, at times, though their lips moved, no sound could be heard at all.

In the evening the girls and myself went to a party, and it amused me to see the joyful, unrestrained manner in which they sang the latest popular songs.

Now why should girls be afraid to sing in church when they will sing so enthusiastically at a party? Perhaps they would show more interest in church if the hymns were suag in syncopated time. S. E. L.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

(Copyright, 1922, by John Blake.)

TRYING TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE.

Pose and affectation, both disagreeable and unattractive, result from imitating somebody else.

The foolish little flapper with her powdered nose and floppy overshoes imagines that she looks like a movie actress or a society girl. She even thinks she is one of these individuals as she takes her coquettish way along the street.

The snappily dressed clerk with his clothes so far advanced that they are funny to every one but himself has in mind some person whose position in life he fancies highly desirable.

Let a woman of wealth and fashion walk through a department store, and half the girls behind the counter will be aping her airs till they find some one else whose manners they imagine are still more elegant.

Send a parcel of weak-witted young men to a play, and for months afterward each of them will be trying to act, in the office and out, like the leading man.

It is impossible to be somebody else. It is impossible to pretend to be somebody else and be natural at the same time.

* * *

One of the curious things about the pretense that is so prevalent is that the pretenders never pick out good examples to imitate. They always choose something that is artificial and cheap and tawdry, and seek to imitate that.

You will find sooner or later that the only possible course if you want to get the most out of life is to accept the personality that was given you and try to improve it.

It cannot be changed. You cannot jump into any one else's place. The machine you were given is the one that you must learn to run. If it is a Ford you will have to keep it in condition and make it do the excellent service that a well cared for Ford can do. You can't trade it for a Rolls Royce, and you can't, by putting an elaborate superstructure over it, make anybody believe that it is a Rolls Royce.

"That's a Fact"

By Albert P. Southwick.

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The first known use of the phrase "God Save the King" was in the "State Papers," Vol. i, p. 154, and under the head, "Flete taken by the Lord Admiral the 10th day of August, 1545," is the following: "The watch word in the night shall be thus: 'God Save King Henrye,' tother shal answere: 'And long to raign over us.'"

* * *

The Pugna Porcorum (meaning "the battle of the pigs") is a curiosity of its kind, as it is a poem extending to several hundred lines in which every word begins with the letter "p."

* * *

The Chinese call their kingdom "Hwa Kwoh," which means "the flowery kingdom"—that is the flower of kingdoms.

* * *

"The Three R's" was the nickname conferred upon Messrs. Kingsley, Kinsella and Keeney, prominent citizens of Brooklyn, N. Y. They were jointly interested in many civic enterprises, and all three died within a year of each other, 1884-1885.

* * *

"Cornerackers" is a colloquial nickname for an inhabitant or a native of Kentucky, though the same term has been used for the "Hoosiers" of Indiana and the "Suckers" of Illinois.

MONEY TALKS.

By HERBERT BENINGTON.

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TELEPHONE.

If you have a telephone in your house and the monthly bill is $3.25, by buying $700 worth of 6 per cent. bonds due in, say, twenty-seven years, you do not have to consider this bill as a drain upon your regular income, for you have capitalized it.

The yearly telephone bill amounts to $39 and the interest on your bonds to $42. In 1949 your bonds become due and you receive $700, while at the same time this money has earned $1,053 for you or your telephone bills for twenty-seven years.

TURNING THE PAGES

-BY-

E. W. Osborn

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I THOUGHT that beauty was forever dead,
Until I saw a daffodil abloom
And two bright tulips in my garden bed
And silver spills beyond my little room.
I thought that grief would never go from me,
Yet now how wonderful are all the days;
I am no longer hurt by misery
But wild with joy and tremulous with praise.
O God, let not too many white stars fall,
Nor let your bushes bloom in one small hour,
I could not bear the beauty of it all,
For I would pause with awe before each flower
And touch each blossom with my finger tips
And feel the wind's first sweetness on my lips.

So, in the little book "White April," sings Harold Vinal, who is a Massachusetts addition to the Yale Series of Younger Poets. Mr. Vinal is a musician as well as a writer of verses, and he calls Voices a quarterly devoted to poetry.

* * *

E. Poore Reflects Backward . . .

In Hamilton Fyfe's novel, "The Widow's Cruse" (Seltzer), Everard Poore relieves himself of this burden:

Progress is an illusion. It doesn't exist.

Men and women who rush over the roads, which we pay for, at fifty miles an hour, are not a bit more intelligent than the men and women who travelled by stage coach.

There's no progress in talking across hundreds or thousands of miles by telephone, if those who talk are just as silly and greedy and cruel as their ancestors were hundreds or thousands of years before the telephone was invented.

The one good result of the motor being invented is the motor-omnibus, which takes people home from their work more quickly. The private car is an outrage.

How fortunate, again, that the fly on the tire cannot brake the wheel.

* * *

In the Age of the Flapper . . .

Thus Dorothy Speare, writing in her "Dancers in the Dark" (Doran) voices some meditations on the age of the flapper:

Last century—no matter what men were—they were all women had—so they took them and made the best of it. Now—no matter what women are making of themselves—they're all men have.

Encourage mothers too much and they will expect everything of you.

When girls are idle they always have to be in love or missing some one, or moping because they haven't got anybody to miss.

The good girl, so-called, refuses to undertake any of the responsibilities that for centuries have made her sheltered and protected. She paints her face far more recklessly than her sister on the street. She aims to out-demi the demi-mondaine in her dress. She does not disdain to use any weapon, no matter how bloodstained, to bring men to her feet, and then she leaves them there.

And once on a time we thought the College Widow was a cause worth celebrating on the stage!

* * *

Why J. Chinaman May Sing High . . .

Writes Bertrand Russell out of China, in the current Dial:

It seemed to me that the average Chinaman, even if he is miserably poor, is happier than the average Englishman.

Restlessness and pugnacity not only cause obvious evils, but fill our lives with discontent, incapacitate us for the enjoyment of beauty, and make us almost incapable of the contemplative virtues.

In this respect we have grown rapidly worse during the last one hundred years. I do not deny that the Chinese go too far in the other direction; but for that very reason I think contact between East and West is likely to be fruitful to both parties.

They may learn from us the indispensable minimum of practical efficiency, and we may learn from them something of that contemplative wisdom which has enabled them to persist while all the other nations of antiquity have perished.

Which is part of the reason why Mr. Russell does not believe that "the kindest thing we can do to them"—the Chinese—"is to make them like" his own English.

* * *

The Order of the Balanced Life . . .

In "The Dingbat of Arcady," a book named after a boat (Macmillan), Marguerite Wilkinson gives us this bit of sunshine philosophy:

Hardship in the world of wood and stream is the first restraint man ever knew, the most ancient form of discipline, the beginning of that knowledge of the law which will be made into good morals at last.

Adventure in the world of wood and stream is the beginning of that joy in the power of body and mind which brings culture; it is the nobly defiant impulse to live freely and take chances under the law; it is the desire for overwhelming beauty.

If life had meant only hardship for the race, it would have been unbearable and long ago the generations would have perished of heartache.

If life had meant only adventure, the beginnings of order never would have come out of chaos.

The fortunate ones of the earth maintain an equilibrium between hardship and adventure in the making of days and years, knowing that to lose this balance is to fall away into death and that to keep it brings the fullness of life.

Mrs. Wilkinson's chapters tell of adventures "on singing rivers and blue bays, * * * and on roads brown, yellow and white."

So we understand why her philosophy is all in tune.